

THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

By F. A. TYLER.

Devoted to News, Politics, Scientific, Commercial, Agricultural and Miscellaneous Information.

\$3 in Advance.

"Power is never conferred but for the sake of the public good."

VOLUME 1.

PONOLA, PONOLA COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1843.

NUMBER 33.

THE REGISTER.

Printed and published every SATURDAY at THREE DOLLARS in advance. Subscribers who do not pay in advance, will invariably be charged four dollars.

Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements which exceed ten lines, charged ten cents per line for the first, and five cents for each insertion afterwards.

Yearly Advertisements.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants and others.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, containing ten lines or less ten dollars.

The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payment always in advance, and State offices ten dollars.

Election tickets will never be delivered till paid for.

Political circulars or communications of only an individual interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later, in any case, if possible, than Thursday night.

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery.

Postage must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

1,500,000 OF SANDERS' SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS

have been sold comprising:

- Sanders' Primary School Primer, 40 p.
- Do School Reader, 1st Book, 120 p.
- Do do 2d Book, 130 p.
- Do do 3d Book, 250 p.
- Do do 4th Book, 304 p.
- Do Spelling Book, 168 p.
- Metrical Stories in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, 144 p., by Charles W. Sanders.

The young choir, 144 p., by Wm. B. Bradbury and C. W. Sanders.

The School Singer, or Young Choir's Companion, 204 p., by Wm. B. Bradbury and C. W. Sanders.

This series contains a full and complete set of Spelling and Reading Books, adapted to all classes, from the academy to the most advanced classes in our Schools and Academies. They have been recommended by the principal Deputy Superintendents and Teachers' Associations in the State of New York, and generally adopted. Within a few months have been introduced into the Schools of Mayville, Newport, Covington, Lexington, Louisville, &c., Ky.; New Albany, Madison, Rising Sun, Indiana; Oxford, Hamilton, Middletown, Springfield, Xenia, Dayton, Lancaster, &c., Ohio; the public and the principal Select and Academies of Cincinnati.

Such has been the demand for these books, that, although recently published, more than 1,500,000 copies have already been disposed of.

From the numerous commendatory notices of these books which have received we select the following from the distinguished instructor F. G. Carey, A. M., Principal of Pleasant Hill Academy:

Another new series of School Readers! Truly, of making of books there is no end. When I received the series of School Readers by Sanders, my impression was, that there was no demand for any further addition to the many already in use. And under this impression I took up this series, and, after a critical examination, I am constrained to say that it was entirely removed. I unhesitatingly give this series of books my decided preference, and as the best evidence of my regard, have introduced it, together with Sanders' Speller, into my institution.

Some of the points among the many that might be mentioned that prefer its claims to superiority are: 1. It is more regularly progressive in its character, and, consequently better adapted to the mind in its various stages of advancement—an element of the first importance in a series of school books. 2. The contents, embracing selections of a high literary character, and decided moral tendency, from a great variety of authors, principally American, are more deeply interesting to the young than those of most readers. 3. The lessons on the elementary principles of our language and the few plain rules and exercises for reading correctly as well as rhetorically, prefixed to the 4th Reader, are of great utility.

The Speller is in no respect inferior to the Readers, and upon the whole I would recommend this as the best series among the many that has come under my review.

F. G. CAREY.

Pleasant Hill, July 21, 1843.

We have on hand a complete assortment of School and Classical Books, which we offer at wholesale for cash at the lowest New York rates adding, in some cases, the cost of transportation. Country merchants are invited to call before purchasing.

WM. H. MOORE & Co.

Sanders' School Book Publishers,

110 Main St., Gazette Building,

Oct. 21, 1843.

Job work of all kinds

done at this Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Father's Advice to his Daughter.

You are now, Sophy, grown up to woman's estate: and you are not always to remain single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on yours. The happiness of a virtuous young woman, is to make an honest man happy. We must think of this sometimes, for your fate through life depends on your marriage; and we cannot think too much upon it.

Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps the choosing a good wife. You, Sophy, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness in old age. But however great merit you may have, there are men who have still more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honor to obtain. Among this number the business to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage, depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all; the most important must be made sure of, preferably to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There is a suitability which may be called natural; there is also a suitability arising from the institutions of men, and a suitability that depends wholly on opinion; of the two last, parents are the proper judges; of the first, the children alone can judge. In marriages, made by authority of parents, these suitabilities that arise from civil institutions and opinion are alone minded; the matches are not between the persons, but between their rank and fortune; but both these are subject to change; the persons alone remain the same, in all places, and at all times; the happiness or unhappiness of the marriage state depends, in spite of fortune, on personal suitabilities.

Your mother was a woman of family; I had a large fortune; these were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune, she has lost her rank; forgot by her family: what doth it signify to her that she was born a lady? In the midst of our distress, the union of our hearts made up for every thing; the conformity of our tastes made us choose the retirement. We live happy in our poverty, each to the other a friend and companion. Sophy is our common treasure; we thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every else.

You see, my dear child, whither Providence hath brought us. Those considerations which occasioned our marriage are vanished, and that which was accounted as nothing makes all our happiness.

It is for a man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first tie; their eyes their hearts ought to be their first guides; for as their primary duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another, so as to love, or not to love, doth not always depend upon us; this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before marriage. This is a law of nature which cannot be abrogated; those who have restricted it, by civil laws, have more regard to the appearance of order than to the happiness or the morals of the people. You see, my dear, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult; it tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. Sophy, you have got good nature, and good sense, much integrity and piety, and those qualifications which a woman ought to have, and you are not disagreeable, but you want those which are most valued by the world. Do not aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to; and regulate your ambition not by your own judgment, or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of mankind.

If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own, I know not where I should set limits to your hopes; but never raise them above their fortune, which, you are to remember, is very small. You never saw our prosperity, you were born after we failed in the world. You have made our property pleasing to us, and we have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we think Heaven for taking from us; we never tasted happiness until we lost our riches.

You are too agreeable, Sophy, not to please somebody; and you are not so poor as to render you a burthen to an honest man. You will be courted and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you. If they show themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them, their outside will not impose upon you long; but though you have a good judgment, and can discern merit, you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit before you the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceived it; and you would not see your error until it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason can restrain you, is that into which the passions hurry one; if you have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimeras; your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, and your will corrupted; you will cherish your very error, and when you come to see it you will have no desire to leave it. It is to Sophy's reason, not to the bias of her heart, that we commit her; while passion hath no ascendancy over you, judge for yourself; but whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you, shews our esteem for you, and restores the natural order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and to consult her only for form sake. We shall do just the contrary; you shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, Sophy, freely and wisely; the husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, and not ours; but it is we who must judge whether you are not mistaken in this suitability for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to.

The Rattlesnake Hunter.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"Until my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns."

During a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June, that I saw him for the first time, while engaged in a mineralogical ramble among the hills. His head was bald, and his forehead was deeply marked with strong lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre; and but for the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapacitated by age and infirmities for even a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the huge ledges of rock with a quick and almost youthful tread; and seemed earnestly searching among the crevices and loose crags and stunted bushes around him. All at once, he started suddenly—drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil—and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him. Another and another blow—and he lifted the lithe and crushed form a large rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eye glistened, but his lip trembled as he looked steadfastly upon his yet writhing victim. "Another of the accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satisfied that the person before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed

to be hunting out and destroying the *Crotalus horridus*, or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity, which had been excited by the remarkable stranger; and for this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?" I inquired, pointing to the crushed serpent.

"They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow; "I have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from the door in this part of the State without hearing their low, quibk rattle at your side, or seeing their many colored bodies coiling up in your path. But as I said before, they are getting scarce—the infernal race will be extinct in a few years—and thank God I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must, of course, know the nature of these creatures perfectly well," said I. "Do you believe in their power of fascinating or charming?"

The old man's countenance fell. There was visible struggle of feeling within him, for his lip quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes, as if to conceal a tear; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in the low, deep voice of one that was about to reveal some horrible secret—

"Believe in the rattlesnake's power of fascination as firmly as I believe in my own existence."

"Surely," said I, "you do not believe that they have power over human beings?"

"I do—I know it to be so!" and the old man trembled as he spoke. "You are stranger to me," he said slowly, after scrutinizing my features for a moment—"but if you go down with me to the foot of this rock, in the shade there—and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks that hung over the declivity—"I will tell you a sad and strange story of my own experience."

It may be supposed that I really assented to this proposal. Bestowing one more blow on the rattlesnake, as if to be certain of its death, the old man descended the rocks with a rapidity that would have endangered the neck of a less practised hunter.—After reaching the place where he pointed out, the Rattlesnake Hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intellectual strength.

"I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the country. I had just finished my education at Harvard, when I was induced by the flattering representations of some of the earliest pioneers into the wild lands beyond the Connecticut, to seek my fortune in the new settlement. 'My wife'—the old man's eye glistened an instant, and then a tear crossed his brown cheek—"My wife accompanied me, young and delicate and beautiful as she was, to this wild and rude country. I shall never forgive myself for bringing her hither—never. Young man," continued he, "you look like one who could pity. You shall see the image of the girl who followed me to the country." And he unbent as he spoke, a ribbon from his neck with a small miniature attached to it.

It was that of a beautiful female—but there was an almost childish expression in her countenance—a softness—a delicacy, and sweetness of smile which I have seldom seen in the features of those who have tasted, even slightly, the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love. "She must have been very beautiful," I said as I returned the picture.

"Beautiful," he repeated, "you may well say so. But this avails nothing. I have a fearful story to tell: would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on. My heart has been stretched too often on the rack of memory to suffer any new pang."

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlements had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to

which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. Three or four settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies." The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and its powers of fascination; and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess, I was rather amused than convinced by their marvelous legends."

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year, I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, the atmosphere perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the northwest shook the bright, green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in the pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity."

"Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and rising his head, he fixed his bright fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His formed seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him or at least it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me, like an atmosphere of rainbow."

"I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors—and tints varied and darkened and lighted up again and around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came a like a shadow over me. The new sensations gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—no definite ideas of peril—all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the balful colorings of his enchantment before my eyes."

"Suddenly a new sound came to my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not, and then a white form plunged before me and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs, and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her ankle, and her scream of agony, as she staggered back from me, told me the dreadful truth."

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw foul serpent stealing away from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang upon him and crushed him under my feet grinding him upon the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her ankle, and it deepened

into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from dwelling, and after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bath her brow in cool water. She partially recovered, upon the bank, while I supposed her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there, alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died!"

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and, as he clasped his bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggling with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke—

"But I have my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine," said he earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, "that I consider these creatures as serpents only—creeping serpents, they are serpents of the fallen angel—the immediate ministers of the infernal gulf."

Years have passed away since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter: the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of our conference, and the grass of the churchyard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But story is fixed upon my mind, and Time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

PARASITICAL.—The twelve Judges of England have decided that marriages between Episcopalians and Presbyterians, when the ceremony is performed by a clergyman of the latter denomination, are illegal. The decision caused great excitement in that country, and Parliament will probably be compelled to pass a law legalizing those marriages. Such a state of things is an outrage upon civilization, and a disgrace to the age.

Farmers! Think of This!

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, after statement from the Troy Whig, relative to the amount of cotton and other manufactures exported from the United States to China, very pertinently asks:

"How many barrels of American flour, beef, pork, lard, and butter were sent to China as a component part of the above 15,000,000 yards of cotton cloth—as a component part of the lead, razor strops, &c., exported to that country this year under the fostering influence of the 'Whig Tariff'? Would a single particle of these agricultural products have been sent to the Celestials, in the shape of bread stuffs and provisions? In the name of common sense, then, tell us, who can, why our farmers are not more deeply interested in sustaining domestic manufactures and the protective policy?"

AN IMPERTURABLE ROGUE.—One day last week, one of the convicts in the State prison, at Auburn, managed to change his dress for a suit of citizen's clothing; and after taking a turn or two through the yard, walked up to the door, with all the sang froid imaginable, and signified to the turnkey, by a smile and a nod of the head, as visitors usually do, that he had taken sufficient view of the premises and wished to be off. The door was accordingly thrown open, and tipping his beaver very gracefully to the turnkey, with the remark that he "intended visiting the prison to-morrow in company with some ladies," the convict deliberately marched up the street, and has not been heard of since.—*Rochester Advertiser.*

MICHIGAN.—The democrats in the second Congressional district in Michigan have nominated the Hon. Lucius Lyon, of Grand Rapids, Kent co. Mr. L. has represented Michigan in the Senate of the United States.